four shilling days of next week. Fridays henceforth the admission is to be 2s. 6d (60 cents,) and Saturdays 5s. (\$1 20,) and many believe the Palace will be as crowded on these as on other days-I doubt.

THE LITERARY GUILD. 'The Guild of Literature and Art' will have already been heard of in America. It is an undertaking of several fortunate authors and their friends to make some provision for their unsuccessful brethren-for those who have the bad luck to be born before their time, as well as those who would apparently have done better by declining to be born at all. The world overflows with writers who would fain transmute their thoughts into bread and, lacking the opportunity, have a slim chance for any bread at all, even the coarsest. No other class has less werldly wisdom, less practical thrift; no other suffers more keenly from ' the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' than unlucky authors. If anything can be done to mitigate the severity of their fate, and especially if their more favored brethren can do

it, there ought to be but one opinion as to its

And yet I fear the issue of this project. The world is scourged by legions of drones and adventurers who have taken to Literature as in another age they would have taken to the highway-to procure an easy livelihood. They write because they are too lazy to work, or because they would scorn to live on the meager product of manual toil. Of Genius, they have mainly the eccentricities-that is to say, a strong addiction to late hours, hot suppers and a profusion of gin and water, though they are not particular about the water. What Authorship needs above all things is purification from this Falstaff's regiment, who should be taught some branch of honest industry and obliged to earn their living by it. So far, therefore, am I from regretting that every one who wishes cannot rush into print, and joining in the general execuation of publishers for their insensibility to unacknowledged merit, that I wish no man could have his book printed until he had carned the cost thereof by bona fide labor, and that no one could live by Authorship until after he had practically demonstrated both his ability and willingness to earn his living, in a different way. I greatly fear the proposed 'Guild,' even under the wisest regulations, will do as much harm as good, by aggravating the prevalent tendency toward Authorship by thousands who never asked whether the world is likely to profit by their lucubrations, but only whether they may hope to profit by them. If the 'Guild' should tend to increase the aspirants to the honors and rewards of Authorship, it will incite more misery than it is likely to overcome. -However, this is an attempt to mend the

fortunes of unlucky British Authors, and as we Americans habitually steal the productions of British Authorship, and deliberately refuse them that protection to which all producers are justly entitled, I feel myself fairly indebted to the class, by the amount of my reading of their works to which Copyright in America is denied. I meant to have attended the first dramatic entertainment given at Devonshire House in aid of this enterprise, but I did not apply for a ticket (price £5) till too late; so I took care to be in season for next time-that is, on Tuesday evening-of this week.

The play (as before) was 'Not so Bad as We Seem, or Many Sides to a Character,' written expressly in aid of the 'Guild' by Bulwer, and performed at the town mansion of the Duke of Devonshire, one of the most wealthy and popular of the British nobility. On the former evening the Queen and Royal Family attended, with some scores of the Nobility; this time there was a sprinkling of Duchesses, &c., but Commoners largely preponderated, and the hour of commencing was changed from 9 to 72 P. M. The apartment devoted to the performance is a very fine one, and the whole mansion, though commonplace enough in its exterior, is fitted up with a wealth of carving, gilding, sculpture, &c., which can hardly be imagined. The scenes were painted expressly in aid of the 'Guild,' and admirably done. played before and between the acts, and nothing had been spared on his part to render the entertainment a pleasant one. Every seat was filled, and at \$10 each and no expenses out. A handsome sum must have been realized in aid of the benevolent enterprise.

The male performers, as is well understood, are all Literary amateurs; the ladies alone being actresses by profession. Charles Dickens had the principal character-that of a profligate though sound-hearted young Lord-and he played it very fairly. But stateliness sits ill upon him, and incomparably his best scene was one wherein he appears in disguise as a bookseller tempting the virtue of a poverty-stricken author.-Douglas Jerrold was for the nonce a young Mr. Softhead, and seemed quite at home in the character. It was better played than Dickens's .-The residue were indifferently good-or rather, indifferently bad-and on the whole the performance was indebted for its main interest to the personal character of the performers. I was not sorry when it was concluded.

After a brief interval for refreshments, liberally proffered, a comic afterpiece, 'Mr. Nightingale's Diary,' was given with far greater spirit. Dickens personated the principal character-or rather, the four or five principal characters-for the life of the piece is sustained by his appearance successively as a lawyer, a servant, a vigorous and active gentleman relieved of his distempers by water-cure, a feeble invalid, &c. &c. It is long since I saw much acting of any account, but this seemed to me perfect; and I am sure the raw material of a capital comedian was put to a better use when Charles Dickens took to authorship. The other characters were fairly presented, and the play heartily enjoyed throughout.

The curtain fell about half an hour past midnight amidst tumultuous and protracted applause. The company then mainly repaired to the supper room, where a tempting display of luxuries and dainties was provided for them by the munificence of their noble host. I did not venture to partake at that hour, but those who did would be quite unlikely to repent of it-till morning. Thence they were gradually moving off to another superb apartment, where the violins were beginning to give note of coming melody, to which flying feet were eager to respond; but I thought one o'clock in the morning quite late enough for retiring, and so came away before the first set was made up. I do not doubt the dancing was maintained with spirit till broad daylight.

THE FISHMONGERS' DINNER. A sumptuous entertainment was given on Wednesday (last) evening by the " Ancient and Honorable Company of Fishmongers"-this being their regular annual festival. The Fishmongers' is among the oldest and wealthiest of the Guilds of London, having acquired by bequest or otherwise, real estate which has been largely enhanced in value by the city's extension. Originally an association of actual fishmongers for mutual service as well as the cultivation of good fellowship, it has been gradually transformed by Time's change, until now no single dealer in fish (I understood) stands enrolled among its living mem-

bers, and no fish is seen within the precincts of its stately Hall save on feast-days like this .-Still, as its rents are ample, its privileges valuable, its charities bounteous, its dinners superlative, its cellars stored with ancient wines and its leaning decided toward modern ideas, its roll of members is well filled. Most of them are city men extensively engaged in business, two or three of the City's Members of Parliament being among them. There were perhaps a dozen Members present, including Lord Palmerston, Foreign Secretary of State, and Joseph Hume, the worldknown Economist. The chair was filled by 'Sir John Easthope, Prime Warden.' The Chairmen of the several Juries at the Exhibition were among the guests.

Having recently described the Dinner to the Foreign Commissioners at Richmond, I can dispatch this more summarily, only noting what struck me as novel. Suffice it that the company, three hundred strong, was duly seated, grace said, the dinner served, and more than two hours devoted to its consumption. It was now ten o'clock, and Lord Palmerston, who was expected to speak and reputed to be rarely gifted with fluency, was obliged to leave for the Queen's Concert. Up to this time, no man had been plied with more than a dozen kinds of wine, each (I presume) very good, but altogether (I should suppose) calculated to remind the drinker of his head on rising in the morning. The cloth was now removed and after-grace sung by a choir, for even with two prayers this sort of omnivorous feasting at night is not quite healthy. I trust there is no presumption involved in the invocation of a blessing on such indulgences, yet I could imagine that an omission of one of the prayers might be excused if half the dinner were omitted

-But the entables were removed, silence restored, and three enormous flagons, apparently of pure gold, placed on the table near its head. The herald or toast-master now loudly made proclamation: 'My Lord Viscount Ebrington, my Lord de Manley, Baron Charles Dupin,' (&c. &c., reciting the names and titles of all the guests) 'the honorable Prime Warden, the junior Wardens and members of the ancient and houorable Company of Fishmongers bid you welcome to their hospitable board, and in token thereof beg leave to drink your healths -Whereupen the Prime-Warden rose, bowing courteously to his right-hand neighbor, (who rose dso.) and proceeded to drink his health, wiping with his napkin the rim of the flagon, and passing it to the neighbor aforesaid, who in turn nowed and drank to his next neighbor and passed the wine in like manner, and so the flagons made the circuit of the tables. Then the festive board was re-covered with decanters, and the intellectual enjoyments of the evening commenced, the vinous not being intermitted.

The toasts were ' The Queen,' ' Prince Albert and the Royal Family,' 'The Foreign Commissioners to the World's Exhibition,' 'The Royal Commissioners,' 'The Army and Navy,' 'The House of Lords,' 'The House of Commons, 'The Health of the Prime Warden,' 'Civil and Religious Liberty,' 'The Ministry,' 'The Bank of England, &c. The responsive speeches were made by Baron Dupin for the Foreign Commissioners, Earl Granville for the Royal ditto, Lord de Manley for the Peers, Viscount Ebrington for the Commons, Gen. Sir Hugh de Lacy Evans for the Army, Solicitor General Wood (in the absence of Lord Palmerston) for the Ministry, the Deputy-Governor in behalf of the Governor of the Bank of England, Dr. Lushington in response to Civil and Religious Liberty, and so on. When Baron Dupin rose to respond for the Foreign Commissioners, they all rose and stood while he spoke, and so with the Royal Commissioners, Members of the House of Commons, &c. Earl Granville's was the most amusing, Dr. Lushington's the most valuable speech of the evening. It briefly glanced at past struggles in modern times for the extension of Freedom in England, and hinted at similar struggles to come, pointing especially to confidence. I was more interested, however, in the remarks

of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, author of 'Ion,' and lon, E. L.) who spoke at a late hour in reply to a personal allusion. I do not mean that Mr. Tal- | become, perhaps, what Asia Minor has become fourd's remarks especially impressed me, for they did not, but I was glad of the opportunity for hearing him. The Rajah is a younger and more abject level, and those we love, and the country vivacious man than I had fancied him, rather | that was ours, are fallen likewise! ornate in manner, and spoke (unlike an Englishman) with more fluency than force, in in selfvindication against the current charge of needless cruelty in the destruction of a nest of pirates in the vicinity of his Oriental dominions. From reading. I had formed the opimon that he is doing a good work for Civilization and Humanity in Ceylon, but this speech did not strengthen my conviction.

But there is no need of more details. Enough that the Fishmonger's Dinner ended at midnight, when all quietly and steadily departed. In 'the good old days," I presume a considerable proportion both of hosts and guests would by this time have been under the table. Let us rejoice over whatever improvement has been made in social habits and manners, and labor to extend it. H.G.

## LETTERS OF AN EXILE .... No. XI. Ruined Condition of the Turkish People,

ANIA-MINOR, Saturday, Murch 23, 1851. To the Editors of The New-York Tribune I have still so much to tell you about the East, hat unknown and splendid world, that I must turn back from the old and decrepid Europe to this land of natural beauties and primitive goodness. It is a melancholy spectacle indeed to see such wealth, both physical and moral, lost and paralyzed by absurd laws and a childish administration. Such a beautiful country, such bounteous fields, such generous natures, such quick intellects-and all producing nothing but wilder nesses, poverty, immorality and ignorance. As I said before, there is no schoolmaster, no doc tor, no apothecary, no surgeon, no engineer in any of the Provinces of the Ottoman Empire, except, here and there, an Italian refugee, who has obtained a place in the household of some Pacha, or has gone forth at his own cost to try if he can gain his living by administering advice and medicine to these forlorn populations. But I have not yet spoken of the Turkish system of taxes, as it is established in the Provinces, and of the lot of misery that it creates for its victima.

It is difficult for a European of the Nines Century to imagine a system of taxes equally ruinous for the people who bear it, and for the Government that establishes it. But such a problem of political economy is daily solved by the Turkish Administration. Its system of taxation is ruinous for itself in its very nature, and ruinous for the people in its execution

The Turkish Government takes for itself the tenth part of the productions of the soil, and takes them in kind, submitting to the inevitable losses that such a system ensures. Still, these losses could be regulated and moderated by a wise and honest administration; but as such a thing is not to be found in Turkey, they become

every day more and more severe and overwhelm ing, and involve in the same ruin people and government.

Every province is governed by a Pacha, who is in general an enemy to the ruling power, since the charge of governing a province is considered by all a sort of mitigated exile. Each Pacha has under his control a certain number of Midirs, or Governors of Districts, who are either country gentlemen, little different from the lowest peasant, or disgraced courtiers, fallen with their patron the Pacha. Under each Midir you find a numercus lot of Mogtars, or Chiefs of Villages, who are mere working men, and whose chief care is the collection of the taxes. But the Mogtar does not confine himself to raising from the villagers the taxes that he transmits to the Midir, and the Midir to the Pacha. There is every year a sort of public auction for the distribution of the Mogtarats. A man of Grand Rui. let us suppose, offers to the Midir to give sir thousand plastres for the taxes, while his predecessor only gave four thousand five hundred. Of course the offer is accepted. As soon as he has got his charge, he begins by exacting from the people the tenth part of all their goods, rather what he reckons to be such If his demand is exorbitant, what can the poor peasant do ! Nothing but complain to the Midir, or to the Pacha. The Mogtar answers that he has to pay one-third more than his predecessor, and that he must in consequence be more strict in his exactions. Who can say whether he really gets more or less than he gives? There is no public register, no regular administration, and no supervision. Everything goes on in the patriarchal way, but without the patriarchal virtues. There is not a man, peasant or bey, in Asia Minor who is not in debt to the Government for more than he possesses. How can he hope ever to get out of trouble ?

Such a system would not endure a fortnight, were it not for the bankers of the Government, or what is called the Company, who are the universal money lenders. At Constantinople there are two Banks, one for European and one for Asiatic Turkey. These Banks have their agents in every town and village of the Provinces. These agents are called the correspondents of the Company, or even the Company itself. It is their office to receive the taxes from the different chiefs of the Province, and forward the proceeds to the head of the Company at Constantinople.-These bankers who have always ready money to dispose of, lend it to every owner of land or live stock at the frightful rate of three per cent. per month, or thirty-six per annum. When a man cannot pay his taxes, he goes to the banker and asks him to lend him money or to answer for him, and the one or the other favor is granted at the same Jewish price. Can a poor man who has once fallen into the hands of these Shylocks, ever hope to redeem himself? Certainly not .-Nobedy is really possessor of what he calls his property, and the day never fails to come when he is obliged to sell, and to sell for nothing, what his father left him, and what he hoped to leave to his children.

I know many sons of those great feudal chiefs who fought their last battle against Mahmoud, and were conquered. I see them turn pale and their lips quiver when they meet one of these terrible bankers; I see them selling parcel after parcel of the beautiful but now deserted land which their fathers proudly cultivated, and retiring further and further into the sterile mountains, far from the towns and villages, in the domain of poverty and solitude, where they can live in rags, and cat their dry morsel of broken brend, without confusion or blushes

It is a melancholy sight that of these fields deserted for want of hands, of money, and of energy; the names of towns attached to barren rocks, heaps of stones betraying alone the former existence of inhabited places; Musselmans bending under the weight of the inaction which has succeeded their conquests; and Christians still bearing in their looks and in their manners the Law Reform. Dr. L. is a very earnest speaker | sad expression of a great people fallen and disand has won a high rank at the Bar and in public persed, suffering an unmerited humiliation, under thy and inferior tyrant.

To live in these countries, and be gay, is the most impossible of all things. What can we of Sir James Brooke, 'Rajah of Sarawak,' (Cey- | feel-we, born so far off, come hither from so far, who have lost our country, and left her to under a foreign rule ! Everything, and every body here is fallen from a proud elevation to an

CHRISTINE TRIVULZIO DI BELGIOIOSA

### THE FINE ARTS. The National Academy of Design.

In our remaining articles we cannot allow ourselves the luxury of length, and shall only indicate the impressions made by the works of which we speak. In Mr. Rossiten's " Moral, Physical and In tellectual types of Beauty" (16) we feel more than ever the danger of Allegory. Nature is never allegorical. We do not mean by this to assert that the artist is to be, in any degree, the slave of Nature. We hold with Goethe that art is called so, because it is not Na But Nature is yet the great Prototype of Art. Not the wildest vagary of the most fantastic paint-er, but had hint in his observation of form and color. It may be strangely combined and only partially reproduced, but the material, whether he use little or much, came from Nature. Raphael's sublimes and Madonnas were the portraits of his Fornarina, and if not of her actual features, yet still of the beauty they suggested. Thus certain persons at certain moments satisfy the imagination as intellectual or moral types, yet it would be impossible to separate those moments from the characters and lives of the persons and leave them still significant. In this picture the figures are not only women but types of beauty, and not only of beauty but of completeness in their several kinds. Hence the imagination demands symmetry of sentiment and of expression. No character is perfect without a just balance of each quality here typifed. Therefore each figure must show or imply something of the quality of the others and the group must make the mpression of a single beautiful character. This is absolutely necessary. The artist has left himself and us, no discretion. Each figure must please, because it is a type of Beauty and there can be no pleasure to the imagination in a beautiful woman without sense, or a sensible woman without beauty, or a good woman without either sense or beauty. Consider how the highest Art has always managed this matter. The Greek Divinities were in certain senses allegorical. But in the Venus de Medici and the Venus di Milo, what a difference, yet what unity! Each is Venus. But the type of Love and Beauty is not formally restricted to a partial, much less to any academic treatment. So Raphael's Faith, Hope and Charity express clearly their several thoughts, but not too exclusively. It is a picture to the mind not to the eye. For it must be always the aim, as it is the hope of art in allegory, That the essential meaning growing should exceed the special symbol.

Then as to the judgment of experience. Does the oman who is the most beautiful intellectual type chill us with the saturnine severity of this brunette, the azure hue of whose hose we sadly suspect! Is oming health and physical perfection of beauty so solely sensuous in impression as that of the em ben point which is plainly developing itself before the mirror! And the mere sweetness of the spritual type

rather too strongly of the Angel in Retzsch's Game of Life. We find in No. 16, therefore, the single figures incomplete, and the whole impression insufficient There is beautiful sentiment in the light proceeding from the type of Spiritual Beauty, and the detail of treatment shows Mr. Rossiter's usual brilliance. In attempting a work of this character, however, he has, and of course intentionally, challenged the most searching criticism. In Nos. 49 and 125 he gives us pertraits of two brother artists, in which the characeristic expression of each is somewhat faellowed, but a good likeness is preserved. " Expectancy" (151) we cannot much admire. As an ideal picture it is much too real. With all the realm of Imagination before him, where to choose, it was rather unfair in the artist to cull only the same simples that grow in our own gardens. "Il Penseroso," (191) too, is merely a pretty woman. Why Il Penseroso! The "Juddh." (203) on the contrary, has a bold, melo-dramatic air that is striking and imposing. There is breaith of treatment and simplicity, as well as accuracy of feeling here. It hangs very well in Memory, by the side of the other Judiths

Mr. Gray exhibits a colossal Head, " King Death,"

(34.) It has a profound placidity of expression, an Egyptian rigidity of impassibility , but it is not sufficiently suggestive. What Death is this ! Is it Chrisman or Pagan! In those fixed and fateful eyes shines no light from beyond. It is not the "Jolly old fel low," nor the "King of Terrors," nor the sweet shadow of "easeful Death," of which the Poet was enamored. It is only the blank, unanswering expression which, so far, well symbolizes the general vague awe in the contemplation of Death, and which was very probably the purpose of the artist to represent. But Philosophy and Religion and Imagination claim to have seen a form of more transparent features than these. We confess its basilisk fascination, and perhaps its triumph is in the doubt it leaves upon the d, whether we like it or not. Below this hangs Pistol announcing the Death of Harry IV.," (56,) by Mr. Lazanus. At first glance, we fancied it a scene from Don Quixote. The melo-dramatic action and fantastic air of Pistol quite suit the style of the Spanish Knight, and the trimmed garden-walks, the fountain, the vase of aloes, and the general air of the landscape-gardening, remove the scene from Wind for Castle to the South, and complete the delusion. Sir John Falstaif is lunching upon apples! Fancy our " fat friend" sitting of a morning in a garden. wooing Pemona! There is a spice of quizzical reguery in the face of Bardelph, leaning upon the back of Falstaff's chair, which is the best figure in the composition; and altogether, although it is a little incongruous and exaggerated, it is a pleasant The Royal Skaters," (237.) by Mr. CARin, is full of a very characteristic pompous fun, cor ceived entirely in a genial spirit, and executed with able fidelity. The old Dutch Burghers on the left. whose stolid surprise at the gay procession of skaters headed by the Princess Mary and the Duke of Monmouth, is all the more absurd from their standing upon skates, is very happily hit, and the dainty sprawling of the fine gentleman in the right middle ground, brought in sudden contact with a boor, is ery humorous. The festal air of the young Duke, and the graceful pertness of the young Princess, who is clad in a costume more beautiful and satisfactory than the new compromise of convenience and beauty threatens to be, are successfully characteristic, "And not forgetting the fayre young ladye," the comely little Maid of Honor, who skims smoothly on behind, it is a very amusing picture, and without a spot of cari

Mr. ROTHERMEL'S. "Morran's Defense of Toleration" s an attractive picture, but hardly of very striking character. It immediately suggests so many other works of the same general style of composition and treatment, from which it is not distinguished by any pronounced peculiarity, that its impression is, perhaps unjustly, feeble. As an illustration of the scene selected it is adequate and admirable, but it ices not treat the whole scope of the subject naturally suggested by the incident. This, of course, is no fault of the picture, as such. But the lower artistic treatment of a subject that instinctively suggests a higher, is a fault of perception—No. 406 Tecumsek and Harrison" by Mr. STEARNS, illustrates his view. The conjuction of the red and white races depicted at a moment when the red man bursts into so fine and poetic an expression of natural enthusiasm, as is in the story annexed, in the catalogue, to the title of this picture, should be something more than the representation of such groups as we have cre-good as they are as studies of Indian costume The same thing is illustrated in music by the differ nce between the perfect vocalism of a song, and the singer's appreciation of its sentiment, alone makes the vocalism admirable as the highest

The "Defence of Murray" has the great merit of The material of different objects is descriminated. The marble pavement does not seem to be made of the same stuff as the shoes that stand upon it. It has further a fine variety of expression strengly marked and well done. The indomitable and severe calm of Murray is well contrasted with he fanatical fury of the Presbyterian which dashe gainst it but recoils, like a buffled wave from a rock The greatest charm of the picture, however, we find in the religious repose of the distance contrasted with the storm of bigotry that rares in the foreground. The pious abstraction of the kneeling Priest and the figure of that Queen, always seen through tears which wash away her sins, the half boyish alarm of the choristers and the yellow candle light through which breaks the cold blue day from the window, are well relieved upon the canwass and in the mind, by the passion in broad day of the foreground. The mother and child upon the steps form an interesting and touching group-but hardly assist or explain the action of the picture In fine this is a difficult work well done, but in a style which requires the most signal success to ensure a great tramph

Mr PERLE's " Puck in the Dairy" (27) is a genuine rimpse of Elf-land, and the elfishness is its great riumph. It is not fairy-like, nor goblin-like, nor held-like. No one who had read with understanding the description from the Midsummer Night's Dream annexed to No. 27 in the catalogue, could fail to feel that it was he and no other-

# "that shrewd and knavish sprite

There is a fascinatingly fresh and original feeling in this work, spite of the imperfect execution. It is one of the great successes of the Exhibition. At first we did not so much like it, but gradually discovere. that the very character of our feeling toward it was the truest triumph of the picture. See how aptly it hits the motto we have just quoted-" knamas sprite, not mischievous child-and yet how well the feeling of release from moral obligation (happy Puck!) is ex pressed by that elfishness, as in the name "Robin Goodfellow," the whole-hearted cordiality of which restores the pleasure we have in the thought of sweet Puck." This picture is one of the happiest irtistic hits at the preity populace of the realm "beyand the limits of Conscience," and is the pleasant est of all the characteristic pictures of Mr. PREIN that we have seen. The "Mountain Hand," (391 almost colorless, yet it tells its story. It is in this legariment of the homely Ideal, that this artist takes a position of prominence, quite undisputed by any other. His "Bales in the Wood," now in the Art Union Gallery, belongs to the same style. His fancy does not seem to flag and we promise ourselves constructly renewed pleasure from his easel. If, at we have heard, Mr. PEELE is about to visit Europe, we feel confident that he appreciates too well the foregone conclusion of his talent ever to suffer himself o heed the voice of the Syren that sings in all foreign galleries, charm she never so wisely. The sentiment of his "Puck" is healthy and characteristic in a remarkable degree. Possibly the southern sun of Italy may teach him a valuable secret of color, but he does not need any other inspiration than he has already found.

"Paul before Felix and Druisella," (395,) by Mr. JARED FLAGG, is too much like a tableau vivant. The smooth, glaring color, the model-like postures of the figures, the bright details and excessive cleanarea of the whole scene, make the spectator wonder why it was painted. The story or sentiment appears nowhere. There is no i trinsic evidence of melts before the remembrance of many a Madonna my necessity for the picture. A less ambitious submere human and more celestial, too, and reminds us | ject, one less suggestive of a solemn and grand

treatment, would have answered as well the palettepurposes of the artist.

"A Study for an Angel in a Composition of the Maries at the Tomb of Christ," (359,) is by far the most agreeable work we have ever seen from the hands of Mr. FREEMAN. The human sympathy awakened by the picture does not in the least disturb our delight. There is celestial purity in the earnest features, and the whole ardent sweep of the movement is most successful and satisfactory. The treatment is broad and florid, although not at all elaborate, and the Venetian brightness that breathes through the picture, showing that the artist has seen and loved Titian and Tintoret, is not, for that, the less faccinating. The face, too, has what is much sought and always mentioned in similar picturesand that is, beauty. But the hauntingly beautiful faces in painting might be told any Summer morning before the dew is dry.

In No. 205, " What can a Young Lassie do tel an Old Man." we do not find the charming, sparkling spirit of Burns's song, but a repulsive picture. Mr Enwones has certainly misconceived the meaning of the peet. This melancholy contrast of puling imbewith hoyden impudence was not the fine fancy of the song. The woman here is not arch, the man is only disgusting. It is the too faithful representation of a frequent fact, which has neither poetry nor beauty; a brawny young wife ready to be amorous of any sturdy plowman and despising the wreck of a husband. If this is what the poet meant, it was not worth while to give it the pulpability of paint. If he meant semething more delicate and gay, the painter has been unjust to him.

" Who'll turn Grindstone," (118.) by Mr. Mount, is one of his characteristic bits of Yankee life. It is genuine and truthful in sentiment, although the treatment is imperfect-it is too streaked and pale. We like better "Just in Twie," (80.) although we regret the narrowness of the circle, which is vet characteristic and individual, in which this artist re-

Dogherry and Verges with the Watch," (164.) by Mr. John Chance, is full of humorous feeling, and the proprieties of the scene are admirably preserved in the truly Italian landscape of the picture. The solemn stupidity of him to whom reading and writing came by Nature and his earnest desire of the comprehension of all vagrem men, are given with a ust and delicate feeling of the force of the character. The color is somewhat heavy and monotonous

> For The Tribune. THE IMAGINARY PAINTER. BY W. E. CHANNING

I HAVE not spent the days in vain Among the wolds in snow and rain, Nor sunk my thoughts in valleys deep, Where the marish waters sleep; For wolds, and vales, and woods, and hills, Have kept me clean from worldly ills . Me they garlanded with health-That superior crown of wealth-And with spirits they have cheered me, And to solitude endeared me.

Best of all, if Autumn keeps His grand state amid the deeps Of the royal pine-wood sleeping, There, with feet of velvet, creeping, Through the slant boughs of the trees. Whispering not the faintest breeze, I have marked a spell so fair, Sown upon the silent air, That my mood hung pictures all Round the sober wood-God's hall. Thus an artist I became, By whose touch all pictures tame-Whether charming Claude had painted, Or Poussin so rashly sainted, Much o'ercame the velvet Brill. And Jean Both dear child of skill. For the sky my colors laid, And the green lights of the shade, Where some lovers, scated nigh, Echo to the hills the sigh Of the lengthening shadows cool, Presse I upon the upland pool. Then, the peasant's roof reposing, With the cattle near it dozing ; Homely as the lazy smoke Curling through the leafless oak, And the gray tints of the house Darker grow, nor moves a mouse Either in the barn or mill-Not the linden on the hill. Where beyond, the varnished lake All the yellow uplands take For their pillow smooth and clean; While the smoky maples lean Like a wraith o'er Evening's brow, Waiting for the midnight rough Of the placed frozen air, Dreaming in his sunset chair.

Shun the marble gallery's shrine, Pitched to Piranesis line; Fly old Dona's glittering story-Great Borghese's sybil-glory, And the Pitti palace rich, And the Vatican's famed niche, When on the horizon's wall, My commanding p.ctures call Every eye and every heart To serene Autumnal art

Truce to heavenly Goethe's saw, Farewell Durer's factous law, Da Vinci seems not worth a pin, Cast that English Turner in, Every hill in shadow cool, And a green light in the pool All the artists, arts and ages Cannot faintly turn these pages.

Children! would you mimic Nature.

That Chameleon Protean creature. Who upon the uplands dry, With a pricking cricket's cry, And the rails in some old fence Can absorb each pulse of sense, Change the Titian-tint to ashes, And Cuyp's golden lights to splashes Of mere mud and dirty water, That your weary pencils brought her Chalk the level cobwebs creeping, Glaze the cold-pressed shadow sleeping O'er the oaken copses low, Where perfumed Gnaphaliums grow And the wave of Duganne's lane, Red from wild Hut-meadow's stain. And Conantum's proud array, Pastures, parks, and waters play, Paint the feeling which I have When these Gods my senses brave. Steal my blue horizon round, And the arrowy Indian's ground, And the sliding Concord's reach, Ere of Art we sadly preach !

#### Polish Colony in Asia. Several years since the Polish Prince

Adam Czartoryski founded a Colony of Poles upon the Asiatic const, about 3 hours' journey from Constantinople, called from him Adamkents. He bought the land of the Turkish Government, and left it to his countrymen, with implements, &c. to be afterward paid for. After the late Hungarian Revolution, the fugitives trooped thither in crowds, and demanded to be received. But the old colonists, who had just begun to enjoy the fruits of their labors, were not at all zealous in the matter, and wished only the real workers and undoubted Poles to enjoy the rights of the settlement. Recently, trouble has arisen between the Prince and the Colony, which was settled by the removal of the right of the colonists to the ground, who pay a large sum mortgaged upon the community. In the village only Poles live. Speech, habits and laws are all Polish, and it must be confessed, zeal and industry, and order and cleanliness, have made a Paradise of a region so desolate a few years since. A tasteful chapel invites the faithful to worship, and the traveler is charmed with this discovery, in the midst of Turkish villages, of a colony whose dress, speech and habits betray so different a nationality.

Mr. Thackeray's Second Lecture.

We take the following report of Mr. Thackeray's second lecture from the Daily News. It may surprise many of his own admirers that he should so admire Addison, and the Leader, a good literary authority does not hesitate to say that Mr. Thackeray's treatment of Addison was much more brilliant than anything Addison ever did

Still greater numbers of the world of literature and fashion crowded to Mr. Thackeray's second lecture yesterday. The subjects chosen were Congreve and Addison. The former was a chiracter almost made for the pencil of the author of "Vanity Pair" Congrers was a disciple of toppery and fundissipation and art, a fine gentleman, with one parts.

dissipation and art, a noe gentleman, with fine parts, and, to crown all, passing worthless.

The opening was quite in the old characteristic style. We were remoded how, just before the Reform Bill, the young gentlemen of the "Union," at Cambridge, were of opinion that great noblemes who owned boroughs always had their eye on the ciub as a place to get politicians from how Jones, of John's, dec. supported our serred institutions, or denounced priesteralt, with that idea always present to them. This introduced the mention of the large crop of places given to literary men in Addison and Congreve's time, how a neat copy of Laim verses, or a happy "ode" on a public event, made a young collegiants fortune. Congreve was then formerly introduced as an example of extreme literary proscrop of places given to literary med in Abissa and Congreve's time. how a neal copy of Laint verses, or a happy "ode" on a public event, made a young collegian's fortune. Congreve was then formerly introduced as an example of extreme interary prosperity how everything went well with him, how he was beau, wit, and lover—ambrosial, irresistable, magnificent. He was described as a delightful rascal, as a gay disciple of the "eat-anti-frink-for-to-morrow-weedie" school. As for his comedy, that Mr. Thackeray characterized as essentially pagas or healthen. He illustrated the effect produced by an examination of it, now-a-days, by a singularly happy metaphor—it was like visiting Pompen, and seeing Salhist's house, there, in the runs. The cake and wine in the jars. The joster's laughing skull—the breast of a dancing girl. The charred banquet table. He pointed out with a said ridicule its immorality—the father treated as a dotaed—the husband as a victim. He exposed in a style at once mouriful and quizzical the hollowness of a gaity that had no as a victim. He exposed in a style at once mountain and quizzical the hollowness of a gaily that had no love in it, and produced the happenst effect by inter-spersing earnest reprobation of the system with laughter at what was superficially absurd in it, for instance, when making out our comic writer some-thing very like a scoundrel, he jested at his conceil, and did not even spare his wig. Hence this part of head theorems was the a sermon where you saw the and did not even spare his wig. Hence this part of his discourse was like a sermon where you saw the sinner—not only as sinner but as the individual of everyday life. And you were reminded at last that Congress left his money, not to Mrs. Bracegirdle, who did want it, but the great lady, who did not want it

at all.

Addison is obviously one of Mr. Thackeray's greatest favorites. He sketched his life throughout, dwelling on its notable moderns with a pleasant commentary, the charm of which consisted in that that it was always social and familiar, treating Addison as Addison himself treats Sir Roger de Coveriey, with a philosopical familiarity. He was noways bigoted in doing this task of brography, for he took to pieces the famous featre of the angel in he "Camwith a philosopical familiarity. He was noways bigoted in doing this task of biography, for he took to pieces the famous figure of the angel in his "Campaign," and plainly treated the poem as containing a great deal of mere stuff. Approps of the said angel, he showed that it was the foundation of the writer's fortune, and got him his first great step in the world. "Ah'" exclaimed he, playfully at this point, "these seris of angels' vieits are few and far between to men of letters. It is not often that angels' wings finiter at second floor windows." Addison, he said, was undoubtedly one of the very greatest geniuses, and this made it natural that he should not have been much given to praising too much. He seldom praised any but the very lighest men, but he bowed down with delight to the imperial genius of Milton. However, Mr. Thackeray did not seem to think that he liked to praise young Mr. Pope the great satirst very much. He would not have dispraised him, perhaps, but—if Mr. Addison's men had done so, he didn't think Mr. Addison would have taken his pipe out of his mouth to tell them to stop. Addison was indubitably a good-hearted kind man, a benevolent, pursaminded man toward his feilow-creatures, if he had no very startling virtues, he surely had no vices—scarcely a fault, except one which he was known to be rather addicted to—his fondness for wine. Without this he would have been, the lecturer amounced very characteristically.) 'a more perfect man—and ut this he would have been, the lecturer announced

without it we should not have loved him so much."

There was, we observed, a sort of particular expectancy, as Mr. This keray came to the part where he spoke of Addison's marriage. He narrated agreeably how he wrote to young Lord Warwick, describing the warbling of the nightingales. These nightingales were intended to warde in the ear of Lord Warwick's mamma. He married the countess, and died in Holland House three years after that splendid but uncomfortable union. The lecturer next characterized Addison as a "man's man," and as one of the most determined "club men" of his day. Women he judged of superficially, and knew little of them. One only he knew well, and she he did not think very much of!

of them. One only he knew well, and she he did not think very much of?

The concluding part of the lecture dealt more particularly with the great man's literary character. He described him as the gentlest of satirists, one who pointed out to you in a delightful manner the folbles of your neighbor, and, turning his head over his shoulder, whispered to him good.

At this point of the disquisition Mr. Thackeray read very effectively some choice specimens of the Addisonian humor, and concluded in a high and serious strain, after reading one of his most famous poems, by a warm description of his susceptibility to religious impressions.

Nothing could have been more satisfactory alto-

Nothing could have been more satisfactory altogether than the reception of the lecture by the crowded audience, and, indeed, it was, perhaps even more than the last one, a delightful specimen of the

# Foreign Items.

h have been dispatched this month are the heaviest ever known.— The East India mail made up in the General Post Office last week, consisted of nearly fifty boxes of correspondence over and above the highest number of boxes ever dispatched by such a mail. Each box weighed about three-quarters of a hundred weight. The cause of the heaviness of the foreign mails is the immense number of newspapers, containing par-ticulars of the Grent Exhibition, which are now be-

-The port of Havre is about to be visited by a flo-—The port of Havre is about to be visited by a no-tilia of a novel kind. There has existed at St. Pe-tersburgh for the last three years a yacht club, orga-nized on the model of that of London. The most eminent personaces and the richest young men of Russia form part of this club, which includes among its members the Grand Duke Constantine, the son of Russia form part of this club, which includes among its members the Grand Duke Constantine, the son of the Emperor, and High Admiral. In order to form part of this club, it is necessary to possess at least one yacht or small vessel ringed as a brig, and capable of carrying a crew of twenty-five men. The Emperor, as a special favor, and in order to encourage the development of ship-building, has granted permission to the members of this club to cruise for a certain time and call at the ports of different countries. The St. Petersburgh Yacht Club has consequently decided on sending a deputation of its members to visit the Exhibition in London, and that it shall sail between the 25th and 20th inst. A great number of the other members of the club will join this deputation, and they will together form a small flotilia of from twenty to twenty five vessels, among which will be three steam yachts, the Peter the Great, the Pultawa, and the Catharine II, the models of whose machinery are in the Exhibition. The flotilla will first proceed to Havre, where, in consequence of the present crowded state of the Thames, a part of the vessels will remain, and a division of only six yachts will thence proceed to London.

Melancholy Accident with Loss of Love.—Key West, June 9.—On Toesday last, 3d inst., at about 4 P. M., as the crew of the British brig Sprightly were engaged in her hold prying out heavy pieces of cast from, belonging to the Light-House now building at Sand Key, Capt. Anson, her commander, wishing to give some instructions, went into the hold at the time they were endeavoring to handle one of the pieces of casting, when it started, striking him on the back part of his head, and jamming him against the side of the vessel. All efforts were made to extricate him. He was conveyed to Mr. Tift's warehouse, where medical attendance was promptly broughly through Doctors O'Hara and Jones. The poor man never spoke, although much bruised and suffering severely. He died on the same evening at about 7 P. M. Hie was buried on Wednesday afternoon the 4th inst., at 5 P. M. As a mark of respect, the flags of our shipping were at half-mast, also those of the Custom-House and Foreign Consuls, during the day. Our Island continues very healthy—weather unusually warm—ousness scarce. The U.S. Survey steamer Hetzel will leave here on the 18th inst., agreeable to orders, for New-York. Lieut, Mead arrived here per steamer to take charge of the new Light, formerly in charge of the late Major Linnard. But I understand that as the fixtures have not yet arrived from New-York, the workmen will leave here on or about 1st of July next. Some 30 bales of cotton, found afford along the Reef and among the Keys, marked (1 O) (1). have been sold within the last two weeks by the U.S. Marshal, and at auction, by the bale, at \$172 to \$27. MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT WITH LOSS OF have been sold within the last two weeks by the U-S. Marshal, and at auction, by the bale, at \$172 to \$27. Mony of them appeared burnt or crisped at the end, as though they had been scoreched. They were probably from some vessel's deck load. The first sale took place on the 23d May. The Court will award salvage, and retain residue for claimants.

The General Conference of the unker religious sect was at the last dates holding a annual session near New Hope, Augusta County, its annual session mear New Hope, Augusta County, Va., numbering from five to ten thousand persons, from all parts of the Union. They met in the woods, and the editor of the Staunton Specitator, who visited the camp, observes "Beside the people, there were from ten to fifteen acres of horses in the woods. There seemed to be one or more horses tied to every tree, as far as the eye could penetrate the dark forest, contigious to the church." This seet has numerous adherents in certain portions of Penasylvania, where they bear a high character for industry, thrift, morality, and intelligence.

IF J. M. Chifford has been arrested at Macon, Ga., for attempting to abduct several negroes,